

THE PHILOSOPHY  
OF LOVE - LOVE  
AND DESTINY  
Philosophical  
poems



Sorin Cerin

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## **Philosophical poems**

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**Critical appreciations about the  
poetry of meditation**

**PhD Professor Al Cistelean** within the heading Avant la lettre, under the title Between reflection and attitude, appeared in the magazine Familia nr.11-12 November-December 2015, pag.16-18, Al Cistelean considers about the poetry of meditation, of Sorin Cerin, that:

"From what I see, Sorin Cerin is a kind of volcano textually, in continuously, and maximum eruption, with a writing equally frantic, as and, of convictions. In poetry, relies on gusts reflexive and on the sapiential

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enthusiasm, cultivating, how says alone in the subtitle of the *Non-sense of the Existence*, from here the poems "of meditation".

One approach among all risky - not of today, yesterday, but from always - because he tend to mix where not even is, the work of poetry, making a kind of philosophizing versified, and willy-nilly, all kinds of punishments and morality.

Not anymore is case to remind ourselves of the words said by Maiorescu, to Panait Cerna, about "philosophical poetry," because the poet, them knows, and, he very well, and precisely that wants to face: the risk of to work only in idea, and, of to subordinate the imaginative, to the conceptual.

Truth be told, it's not for Sorin Cerin, no danger in this sense, for he is in fact a passional, and never reach the serenity and tranquility Apolline of the thought, on the contrary, recites with pathos rather from within a trauma which he tries to a exorcise, and to sublimates, into radical than from inside any peace of thought or a reflexive harmonies.

Even what sounds like an idea nude, transcribed often aphoristic, is actually a burst of attitude, a transcript of emotion - not with coldness, but rather with heat (was also remarked, moreover, manner more prophetic of the enunciations).

But, how the method, of, the taking off, lyrical, consists in a kind of elevation of everything that comes, up

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to the dignity of articulating their reflexive (from where the listing, any references to immediately, whether biographical or more than that), the poems by Cerin, undertake steep in the equations big existential and definitive, and they not lose time in, domestic confessions.

They attack the Principle of reality, not its accidents. Thus, everything is raised to a dignity problematic, if no and of other nature, and prepared for a processing, densified.

Risks of the formula, arise fatal, and here, because is seen immediately the mechanism of to promote the reality to dignity of the lyrism.

One of the mechanisms comes from expressionist heritage (without that Sorin Cerin to have something else in common with the expressionists), of the capitalized letter, through which establishes suddenly and unpredictably, or humility radicalized , or panic in front of majesty of the word.

Usually the uppcase, baptizes the stratum "conceptual" (even if some concepts are metaphors), signaling the problematic alert.

It is true, Sorin Cerin makes excess and wastage, of the uppcase, such that, from a while, they do not more create, any panic, no godliness, because abundance them calms effects of this kind, and spoil them into a sort of grandiloquence.

The other mechanism of the elevation in dignity rely on a certain - perhaps assumed, perhaps premeditated -

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pretentious discourse, on a thickening lexical, and on a deep and serious declamation.

It is insinuated - of lest, even establishes - and here is an obvious procedure of imaginative recipe, redundant over tolerant.

How is and normal - even inevitable - in a lyrical of reflection what wants to coagulate around certain cores conceptual, the modality immediate of awareness of these nodes conceptual, consists in materializing the abstractions, making them sensual is just their way of to do epiphany lyrical.

But at, Sorin Cerin, imaginative mechanics is based on a simple use of the genitive, which materialize the abstractions, (from where endless pictures like "the thorns of the Truth," "chimney sweeps of the Fulfillments," " the brushes of Deceptions" etc. etc.), under, which most often is a button of personification.

On the scale of decantation in metaphors we stand, thus, only on the first steps, what produces simultaneously, an effect of candor imaginative (or discursive), but and one of uniformity.

Probable but that this confidence in the primary processes is due to the stake on decanting of the thought, stake which let, in subsidiary, the imaginative action (and on the one symbolized more so) as such.

But not how many or what ideas roam, through Sorin Cerin's poems are, however the most relevant, thing



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(the idea, generally, but and in this particular case, has a degree of indifference, to lyricism).

On the contrary, in way somewhat paradoxically, decisive, not only defining, it's the attitude in which they gather, the affect in which coagulates.

Beneath the appearance of a speech projected on "thought", Sorin Cerin promotes, in fact, an lyricism (about put to dry) of, emotions existential (not of intimate emotions).

The reflexivity of the poems is not, from this perspective, than a kind of penitential attitude, an expression of hierarchies, of violent emotions.

Passionate layer is, in reality, the one that shake, and he sees himself in almost all its components, from the ones of blaming, to the ones of piety, or tenderness sublimated (or, on the contrary, becoming sentimentalist again).

The poet is, in substance, an exasperated of state of the world and the human condition and starting from here, makes exercises with sarcasm (cruel, at least, as, gush), on account of "consumer society" or on that of the vanity of "Illusions of the Existence".

It's a fever of a figures of style that contains a curse, which gives impetus to the lyrics, but which especially highlights discursive, the exasperation in front of this general degradation.

So general, that she comprised and transcendental, for Sorin Cerin is more than irritated by the

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instrumentalization of the God (and, of the faith) in the world today.

Irritation in front of corruption the sacred, reaches climax, in lyrics of maximum, nerve blasphemous ("Wickedness of Devil is called Evil, / while of the God, Good. ", but and others, no less provocative and" infamous " at the address the Godhead); but this does not happen, than because of the intensity and purity of his own faith (Stefan Borbely highlighted the energy of fervor from the poetry of Cerin), from a kind of devotional absolutism.

For that not the lyrics, of challenge and blame, do, actually Cerin, on the contrary: lyrics of devotion desperate and passionate, through which him seeks "on Our True God / so different from the one of cathedrals of knee scratched / at the cold walls and inert of the greed of the Illusion of Life ".

It is the devotional fever from on, the reverse, of imprecations and sarcasm, but precisely she is the one that contaminates all the poems.

From a layer of ideals, squashed, comes out, with verve passionate, the attitudes, of Cerin, attitudes eruptive, no matter how, they would be encoded in a lyrical of reflections. "

**PhD Professor Elvira Sorohan - An existentialist  
poet of the 21st Century**

To fully understand the literary chronicle written by Elvira Sorohan in Convorbiri Literare, "Literary

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Conversations”, which refers to an article written by Magda Cârneci regarding Trans-poetry, and published in România literară, “Romania literary”, where specified what namely is poetry genuine, brilliant, the great poetry, on which a envies the poets of the last century, Elvira Sorohan, specifies in the chronicle dedicated to the poetry of Cerin, from, Convorbiri Literare, “Literary Conversations”, number 9 (237), pages 25-28, 2015 under the title An existentialist poet of the 21st century, that:

Without understanding what is "trans-poetry", which probably is not more poetry, invoking a term coined by Magda Cârneci, I more read, however, poetry today and now I'm trying to say something about one certain.

Dissatisfied of "insufficiency of contemporary poetry" in the same article from in România literară, "Literary Romania", reasonably poetess accuses in block, how, that what "delivers" now the creators of poetry, are not than notations of "little feeling", "small despairs" and "small thinking. "

Paraphrasing it on Maiorescu, harsh critical of the diminutives cultivated by Alecsandri, you can not say than that poetry resulting from such notation is also low (to the cube, if enumeration stops at three).

The cause identified by Magda Cârneci, would be the lack of inspiration, that tension psychical, specific the men of art, an experience spontaneous, what gives birth, uncontrollably, at creation.

It is moment inspiring, in the case of poetry, charged of impulses affective, impossible to defeated rationally, an impulse on that it you have or do not it have, and, of, which is responsible the vocation.

Simple, this is the problem, you have vocation, you have inspiration.

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I have not really an opinion formed about poetry of Magda Cârneci, and I can not know, how often inspiration visits her, but if this state is a grace, longer the case to look for recipes for to a induces ?

And yet, in the name of the guild, preoccupation the poetess, for the desired state, focuses interrogative: "... the capital question that arises is the following: how do we to have access more often, more controlled and not just by accident, to those states intense, at the despised <inspiration>, at those levels, others of ours, for which the poetry has always been a witness (sic!) privileged ".

We do not know whom belongs the contempt, but we know that the inspiration is of the poet born, not made.

The latter not being than a craftsman and an artist.

I have in front three volumes of lyrics of the poet, less known and not devoid of inspiration, Sorin Cerin, ordered in a logical decrescendo, understandable, Non - sense of the Existence, the Great silences, Death, all appeared in 2015, at the Publishing Paco, from Bucharest.

After the titular ideas, immediately is striking, and poetic vocabulary of the first poem, and you're greeted with the phrase "Illusion of Life" that spelled with capital letters.

It is, in substance, an expression inherited from vocabulary consecrated of the existentialist, enough to suspect what brand will have the poems.

Move forward with reading, being curious to see you how the poet remains on same chord of background, and how deep, how seriously lives in this idea, not at all new.

And it is not new for that the roots of the existentialism, reformulated modern, draw their sap from the skepticism of biblical, melancholic Ecclesiastes, discouraged, in the tragic consciousness of finitude as destiny.

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It is the King biblical, an, existentialist *avant la lettre*.

He discovers that " weather is to you be born, and a time is to die", otherwise "all is hunting of wind".

What else can be said new in our time, even in personal formula, when the existentialism has been intensively supported philosophically, in centuries XIX, and, XX, from Kierkegaard and up to Sartre, with specific nuances.

A poem in the terms, of the existentialism status, more can interested the being of the our days, slave of the visual image and the Internet, only through adaptations or additions updated, complementary the central idea, and not finally, by the power of the return over of the self.

It is about what you are trying to achieve the poet Sorin Cerin, leaving us, from the beginning, the impression that he lives the miracle creative, the inspiration.

Wanting to guide the reader to search for a specific kind of poetry cultivated in these volumes (with one and the same cover), author subtitled them, *ne varietur* "Poems of meditation", as and are at the level of ideas.

But how deep and how personal, is the meditation, you can not say than at the end of reading, when you synthesize what namely aspects of ontology and from what perspective, intellectual and emotional, them develop the poet.

Certainly, the existentialist poetry vocabulary universal, recognizable, is now redistributed in an another topic, what leads to combinations surprising of new , some daring, or terribly tough, such as those concerning the church.

Reading only one of the three volumes is like as you them read on all, are singing on same chord with minimal renewal from, a poem to another.

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The poet closes in a unitary conceptual sphere, from here the specific rhetoric.

Wherever you open one of the volumes, you are in the center of the universe poetic of the same ideas, the same attitude of skepticism outraged.

At the level of language, the same vocabulary, well-tuned with the conceptual sphere, is recombined in new and new phrases with updates related to today's environment, and even immediately of the Being, thrown into the world to atone for the "Original Sin".

It is known, because sages said, "Eva's son does not live in a world devoid of wails".

The ambition to build a personal meditation, impossible to achieve at the level of poetic vocabulary, already tired, is compensated by the art of combination of the words, without being able to avoid redundant frequency of some phrases.

The most frequent, sometimes deliberately placed and twice in the same poem is "Illusion of Life".

Dozens of others keywords, complementary, surprises by ostentatious use, to emphasize the idea of "Non-sense of Existence".

Are preferred, series of words written with uppercase: "Moment," "Immortality," "Illusion," "Absurd," "Silence," "Death," "Eternity", "Absolute Truth", "Dream", "Free Will", "Original Sin", "Love", "Loneliness", "Alienation", "God" and many others.

The phrase brings here and now, living problematized of the existence is "Consumer Society".

Is released from poetry a frenzy of duplication of word, what supports the idea.

Often this exuberant energy of rearrangement of words, covers what you looking for in poems composed on

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one and the same theme, namely, living intense affective of feeling of "illusion of life" inside, not outside.

Here, we more mention of manner to distinguish the expressive words spelled with a capital letter.

Rain of uppercase tends to flood few basic meanings of the poems.

And more there's a particularity, the punctuation.

After each verse, finished or not as, understood, grammatical or not, it put a comma; the point is put preferably only after the last verse.

Otherwise than biblical Ecclesiastes, our poet, more revolted, than melancholic, do hierarchies of vanities pretty little ordered that you to can follow clear ideas.

The significances is agglomerating, in one and the same poem, like *Hierarchy of the Vanity*.

But it's not the only one.

Of blame can be contemporary reality which provokes on multiple planes, poet's sensibility.

The word "the vanity" is engaged in a combination serious, sharp, put to accompany even the phenomenon of birth of the world, for to suggest, finally, by joins culinary very original, willfully, vulgar, disgust, "nausea", í la Sartre, left behind by the consciousness of the absurd of existence.

I sent at the poem, Industry Meat Existential: "Plow of the Vanity dig deep, / in the dust of the Existence, / wanting to sow the genes of the Illusion of Life, / for to be born the World, / after a prolonged gestation, / in womb without limits, of the Lie, / that rests on Truth for to exist, / ... ravens blacks of the thoughts, / by developing, / A true Industry of the Meat Existential, / beginning, / from steaks of, dreams on the barbecue of the Absurd, / up to, / sausage of highest quality of the Hopelessness. "

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What you find in this poem: paradox, nonsense, nihilism, disillusionment, dreams made ashes, all this and more will multiply, kaleidoscopic recombine in all creation contained in these volumes.

If, the notions and synthetic concepts contained in words maintains their meaning constant, the fate of the "word" is not the same, seems to go toward exhaustion, as and the force of renewal of poetry.

Have and the words their fate, apart from poetry, as the poet says.

At first, paradoxically, "Autumn sentimental" is forsaken by the "harvests passionate of words" frantically collected, by the temper ignited of the poet in love only of certain words, those from existentialist semantics.

Sometimes, "Flocks, of words, / furrow the sky of Memories".

In registry changed, the word is tormented as a tool of media, violent, rightly incriminated of poet: "Words lacustrine / cry in pots of Martyrs, / put at the windows of brothels of Newspapers ...".

Is deplored the fate of the words employed unusual, grotesque: "At butchery of Words, / in the street corner of the Destiny / are sold bones of phrases rotten, / legs of meanings for fried ...".

And with this fragment I have illustrated the originality resentful word combinations, which give free course the ideas, a poetic attitude provoked by the revolt against the nonsense of existence.

Ultimately is metaphorise "the winter of the Words, / which snows over our Days ..." and is deplored their fate, the falling "in the Mud, of some Words, / obscene and full of invective", and finally, their death: "Cemeteries of words are strung in the souls, / what they will and hopes at Resurrection ...".



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Here the words came back to poetry.

But, the word is only the tool what not is only of the poet's, only of his, is the problem of background of existence illusory, perceived as such, in the existentialism terms from the early 21st century .

This is the core, the leitmotif of dozens of poems signed by Sorin Cerin, distributed studied, I suppose symbolic numerological, in each volume 77 each, neither more or less.

From the seed of this idea generously sown, rises for the poet tired of so much, kneaded thinking: "Herbs of questions what float lazily over the eyelids / of the Sunset, / what barely can keep ajar, / in the horizon of some Answers, / what appear to be migrated toward the cold distances of the Forgetfulness. "

The note meditative of these lyrics is not entirely discouraging.

The poet is neither depressed nor anxious, because he has a tonic temperament.

He always goes from the beginning with undefeated statements the will, to understand, without accepting, as, thus, may to return toward the knowledge of self.

In poetic images rare, is outlined a kind of summary of poetic discourse, focused in the poetry The Hierarchy of the Vanity, ended in contemporaneity terms of the absurd.

It's a way to renew what was more said, that "we eat absurd on bread."

The plural indicates in poet an exponent in the name of man in general, "the granite" signifying the mystery impenetrable, of which is now facing "cane thoughtfully" "climbed up on the rocks of Life / we want to understand the granite as it is, / a reed conscious of self.

|| Demolish the pillars of Nature of the Illusion of Life, / trying to put in their place, / A Dream far stranger of

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ourselves. || ruined the Weakness , / ... becoming our own wrecks, / what wander to nowhere. || ...

Would be the eyes of Consumer Society made only to/ watch the Hierarchy of the Vanities?

Love that would deserve a comment of the nuances at which send the poetic images, is in the Dream and reality, an: " icon attached to the walls of the cold and insensitive, / of a cathedral of licentiousness, as is the Consumer Society, / which us consumes the lives / for a Sens what we will not him know, never. "

Beyond the game of words, is noted, the noun seriously, what cancels altogether the sacredness of the cathedral.

It's a transfer of meanings produced by the permanent revolt poured out upon the type of society we live in.

Our life, the poet laments in the Feline Existential: "is sells expensive at the counter of the Destiny / for to flavor the Debauchery, / subscriber with card of pleasures, all right / at the Consumer Society." / ... "Empty promises / and have lost keys of the Fulfillment / and now make, Moral to the cartel of Laws / alongside the prostitutes politicians, of the moment ".

Violent language, as poetic arrows thrown and against terrible degradation of politics, gives free course to the ideas, a type nihilistic rebellion, raised to the rank of principle.

Absolutely current target is even more evident when, in the poem, the Game of the Life with Death,, is criminalized in much the same terms, "Consumer Society Famine garden, / as, great athletes, of cutting of incomes / hysterical and false, scales of the Policy, / us skimp sparingly each, Moment ... ".

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Changing the subject, vocable "moment" in relation to "eternity", updates a note from the arsenal of specific words from the language of the great existentialist thinker who was the mystic Kierkegaard.

After how attitudes clearly atheist, when it comes to God and the church, in the poems of Cerin , update hardness of language, with particularities of existentialism of Sartre, while Mathematics of the existence and many other poem, us bring back into the cultural memory the image of that "monde cassé" perceived critical by the frenchman Gabriel Marcel.

Perhaps the most dense in complementary concepts the "existence", between the first poems of the first volume, is Lewdness.

Are attempts to give definitions, to put things in relationship through inversion with sense, again very serious accusatory, like the one with address at "monastery".

Sure, unhappiness of the being that writes such poetry, comes not only from the consciousness of the fall of man in the world under the divine curse, but and from what would be a consequence, rejection, up to the blasphemy of the need for God.

The interrogation, from the poetry, Lewdness, which, seems that leaves to the reader the freedom of to give particular answers, it's a trick of the poet aware of what affirms, at masked mode: "The existence is a ghost caught between two dreams, Space and / Time./ Peace will always be indebted to the War with her own / weapons, Vanity of Democracy and Dictatorship ./ Which Lewdness has not its monastery and which murder /her democracy?"

The poem continues with a new definition of "Existence" as a "gamble", accompanied by "Hope", never left at the mercy of "free will", which would give to man

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the freedom to change anything. It remains only the freedom of the being to judge her own existence, eternal fenced to can overcome the absurd.

Nature demonstrative of the poet him condemns, extroversion, at excesses, that, scatters, too generous what has gathered hardly from the library of his own life and of books.

Paradoxically, the same temperament is the source of power to live authentic feeling of alienation and accentuated loneliness, until to feel his soul as a "house in ruins", from which, gone, the being, fallen into "Nothingness", more has chance, of to be, doomed "Eternity".

Remain many other comments of made at few words the poet's favorite, written with upper case.

But, about, "Love", "God", "Church," "Absurd", "Moment and Eternity", "Silence" and "Death" maybe another time.

Would deserve, because this poet is not lacked of inspiration so coveted by others, as wrote poet Magda Cârneci, but he must beware of the danger of remaining an *artifex*, and yet not to step too pressed the footsteps from Bacovia or Emil Botta, toward of not them disfigure through excess.

**Ana Blandiana:** "The poetry of meditation on which a writes Sorin Cerin is not a versification of philosophical truths, but a interweaving of revelations, about these truths. And the ratio of intensity of these revelations and doubt from which are constructed the truths is precisely the philosopher's stone of this poetry. Moreover, secrecy of being able to fasten the lightning of the revelation is a problem as subtle as that of keeping solar energy from warm days into the ones cold. "

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**PhD Professor Theodor Codreanu:** "Sorin Cerin is a paradoxist aphoristic thinker, of, a great mobility of the mind, who controls masterfully the antitheses, joining them oxymoronically, or alternating them chiasmatic, in issues with major stakes from our spiritual and social life. Poetry from, the Free Will, is an extension of his manner of meditation, imbuing it with a suitable dose of kynism (within the meaning given to the word by Peter Sloterdijk), succeeding, simultaneously the performance, of to remain in the authentic lyricism even when blames "Ravens vulgar, necrophiliacs and necrophagous, of the Dreams".

**PhD Professor Ioan Holban :** "About the expressiveness and richness of meanings transmitted to the Other, by silence, Lucian Blaga wrote anthological pages. The poet of today writes, in Great Silences, a poetry of religious sentiment, not of pulpit, but, in thought with God, in meditation and in the streak of lightning of thought toward the moment of Creation. Sorin Cerin's poetry is of an other Cain wandering in the wilderness, keeping still fragments from the joy of Eden, to exit from "Vise" of the world, where, at the fallen man, collapses the horizon of soul, in the rains of fire and traces of lead. "

**PhD Professor Maria Ana Tupan :** "The lyrical meditations of Sorin Cerin have something from the paradoxical mixture of despair and energy of the uprising from Emil Cioran's philosophical essays. The notification of tragicalness and grotesque of the existence, does not lead to psychical paralysis, but to nihilism exorcised and blasphemous. Quarrel with "adulterine God" - appellation shocking, but very expressive for the idea, of, original sin of ... God who must be conceived the evil world through

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adultery with Satan - receives, accents sarcastic in vignettes of a Bibles desacralized, with a Creator who works to firmament at a table of blacksmith, and a Devil in whom were melded all rebels hippy-rap-punk-porto-Rican:

[...] Stars alcoholic, of a universe, greedy, paltry and cynical, drinking by God at the table of Creation,

on the lachrymose heavens of Happiness, scrawled, with graffiti by Devil,

If the poet has set in the poem, To a barbecue. an exercise of Urmuz, success is perfect. Not only, ingenious jumps deadly for the logic of identity from one ontological level to another, we admire here, but and tropism, of, a baroque inventiveness of an Eucharist inside out, because in a universe of the life toward death, the one that is broken is the spirit, the word, to reveal a flesh ... Deleuze, animal, described as the meticulous anatomical map of a medical student. The poet us surprise by novelty and revelation of the definition aphoristic, because after the first moment of surprise, we accept the moralizing scenery of the time, with a past, dead, a future alive, and a present, illusory, contrary to common sentiment, that the lived life is our ego certainly, that only the present really exists, and that the future is a pure hypothesis. Cerin, redefines the human being as, finding the authenticity in multiplication mental of ternal reality and as existentialist project ".

**PhD Professor Mircea Muthu:** "The desperation to find a Sens to the contemporary existence fill the poetic testimony of Sorin Cerin, in which the twilight of language, associated with "broken hourglass" of time, is, felt - with acuity tragic - of, "our words tortured."

"Meditation, turned towards self itself, of "the mirrors of the question" or of "the eyes" fabulous, of the

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Ocean endlessly, is macerated at the same temperature febrile, of voltaic arc, enunciated - in short - of the phrase "rains of fire".

**PhD Professor Cornel Ungureanu** : "Sorin Cerin proposes a poetic speech about how to pass " beyond ", a reflection and a meditation that always needs capital letters. With capital letters, words can bear the accents pressed of the author who walks. with so much energy on the realms, beautiful crossed by those endowed with the grace of the priesthood. Sorin Cerin ritualization times of the poetic deconstruction, if is to we understand properly the unfolding of the lyrics under the flag of the title. "

**PhD Professor Ion Vlad** : "Sorin Cerin has defined his poems from the book " The Great Silences ", " poems of meditation ". Undoubtedly, reflexivity is the dominant of his creation, chaired by interrogations, riots, unrest and dramatic research of SILENCE, topos of the doubts, of the audacity, and, of the adventure of the spirit, in the permanent search of the truth, and his poetry follows to an axiology of an intense dramatic. Is the lyric of the lucidity, meditation and of genuine lyricism ".

**Ph.D. Lecturer Laura Lazăr Zăvăleanu:**  
"Intellectual formed at the school Bucharest, but sensing the need to claim it admiringly, from the critical model, of the school Cluj, where he identify his exemplary models in the teachers, Ion Vlad and Mircea Muthu, Sorin Cerin builds and the poetry intertextual, because the poet of the Great Silences, declares all over, his experts, identified here, intrinsically, with Blaga ( through philosophical reflection and prosodic structure, sometimes deliberately modeled after Poems of light) and Arghezi. The very title

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of the volume, the Great Silences, impose the imperative, of an implicit dialogue with the poetry of Arghezi bearing the same title. At the searches feverish from the Psalms of Arghezi, of a God called to appear, answer them here the interpellations indefatigably of an apostate, believer, that is torn in the wilderness of the thought and of image broken mirrored by the world declared, between love denouncer, and affectionate revolt, between curse incantatory and disguised prayer, of eternally in love, without being able, to decline, in reality, fervor, although the word has experimented, aesthetic, the whole lexicon, blasphemously and apocalyptic. A duplicity of salvation, in fact, that - shouting the drama of alienation and of introspection missed, as and the impotence of the meeting with the other, or fear of overlapping with him, in a world whose meaning is wandered into "darkness of the camps of ideas", at the interference of a time and of a space reached ' at the end of border "- gives birth, in the litany, *`a rebours*, the signs of creation redeemed, in full feast cynical, "on the table of potter of love".

**PhD Professor Călin Teuțișan:** "Poetry of Sorin Cerin declaim a fatal nostalgia of the Sense. Thinking poetic trying his recovery, from disparate fragments, brought back together by labor lyrical, imagining a possible map reconstituted, even fragmentary, of the world, but especially of the being. Using of metaphors, neo-visionary, is context of reference of these poems, crossed, from time to time, of parables of the real, "read" in the key symbolic, but and ironical. Cynicism is entirely absent in the lyrics of Sorin Cerin. This means that the lyrical personage, what speaks in this pages, namely, consciousness lyrical, put an ethics pressure over reality, thus forcing her to assume own forgotten truths. "



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**PhD Professor Cornel Moraru:** "Prophet of existential nothingness, the poet is part of category of the moralists, summing up in a fleeting manner, precepts aphoristic, and rough projections from a ecstatic vision of the end of the world. His meditations develops a furious rhetoric on theme "nonsense of Existence", although expressing more doubts than certainties, and questions than answers. The intensity of involvement in this endeavor lyrical, touches, at a time, odds extremes: from jubilation to sarcasm, and from indignation again at ecstasy ... "

**PhD Professor Ovidiu Moceanu:**"Through the cemeteries of the dreams, volume signed by Sorin Cerin, poetry of the great existential questions seeks a new status, by building in texts which communicate underground, an image of man interrogative. "Cathedral of the existence" has her pitfalls, "Absolute truth" seems unattainable, "White Lilies of the truth" can kill, "if not ventilates pantry of mind," the poetic ego discovers rather a "God too bitter" ... All these are expressions of a state of great inner tension, in which the lucidity has wounded the revelation, and has limited the full living of the meaning of existence. "

**PhD Professor Dumitru Chioaru:** "Speech prophetic, philosophical or poetic? - It's hard to determine in which fits texts of Sorin Cerin . The author, them incorporates on all three into a personal formula, seemingly antiquated, aesthetic, but, speaking with breath of, *poeta vates*, last words before Apocalypse. An apocalypse in which the world desacralized and dominated by false values, ends in order to can regenerate through Word ".

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**PhD Professor Ștefan Borbély:** "Spirit deeply and sincerely religious, Sorin Cerin desperate search for the diamond hidden in the darkness of the rubble, of the ashes. A whole arsenal of the modernity negative - cups of the wilderness, water of the forgetfulness, slaughterhouses, the feast continuous of suffering, monkey of rotten wood, etc., etc. - is called to denounce in his lyrics, "lethal weapons of the consumer society" and "the madhouse" of the alienation by merchantability of our everyday existence. The tone is apodictically, passionate, prophetic, does not admit shades or replicas. "The new steps of faith" are enunciated peremptorily as hope of the salvation collective, "divine light" it shimmers in, deliverer, at end, still distant of the torture, but on the moment, the poet seems to be preoccupied exclusively rhetoric eschatological, glimpsing decadence, resignation moral or ruins almost everywhere where it can to walk or look "

**Gheorghe Andrei Neagu:** "Defining for, this writer seems to be rightfully, the doubt, as the cornerstone of his poems (Mistake pg.73). I congratulate the author, for his stylistic boldness from " From the eyes of the divine light, page 81, as well as from the other sins, nestled in his creator bosom. I think Romanian literature has in Sorin Cerin a writer 3rd millennium that must be addressed with more insistence by criticism of speciality"

**Marian Odangiu:** "Lyrical poetry of Sorin Cerin is one, of, the essential questions: the relationship of the Being with the Divinity, in a world of increasingly more distorted by point of view of value, -and distortionary the same time!-, disappearance of some fundamental benchmarks - attracting after themselves of interrogations overwhelming, and infinite anxieties - absence all more

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disturbing of some Truths, which to pave the way to Salvation, deep doubts demotivating on the Meaning of Life, absurd raised at the rank of existential reason, feeds the fear and anxieties of the poet. Such, his lyrics develop a veritable rhetoric of despair, in which, like an insect hallucinated of Light, the author launching unanswered questions, seeking confirmations where these entered from far in dissolution, sailing pained, but lucid, through images and metaphors elevated and convincing poignancy, builds apocalyptic scenarios about Life, Love and Death ... "

**Eugen Evu:** "... Books seem to be objects of worship - culture - own testament of a ceremonial ... of, the neo-knowledge, Socratic-Platonic under sign, " the General Governing of the Genesis " for instance. What is worth considered is also, the transparent imperative of the author to communicate in native language, Romanian. The loneliness attributed the Sacred, is however of the human being, in her hypostasis reductive, of the human condition .... How Vinea wrote the poet sees his ideas, or the mirroring in the ' room with mirrors ' of the universal library. A destiny, of course, personal, largely assumed, nota bene. In the volume, the Political, at the extreme of H. R. Patapievici poet is well cognizant of the problem Eliade, of the "fall of the human in politikon zoon"... Between rationalism and irrationalism, Sorin Cerin sailing on the Interconnection Ocean. "

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**1. Guiding on God**

I walk by hand with Loneliness,  
of your Memory,  
through the park with lost Hopes ,  
where us wandering the Eternities of the Moments,  
in the summer of some Dreams,  
whose Years,  
have been shattered,  
through the Storms of the Winds of the Forgetting,  
of, us ourselves,  
those who have become the Icon,  
the Tears of a Memory,  
of the Future,  
for whom the God of Love,  
seems to have made his oars,  
to be able to reach,  
up to in our World,  
whose Star,  
has burned somewhere-sometime on the vault,  
of his Divine Soul,  
but which vanished,  
a while ago,

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than all the Times of our Universe,  
wandering,  
among the Horizons,

of the Suffering,  
what he can not receive,  
nor the Days or Nights,  
in the Cemetery of the Desires,  
which were predestined to us,  
to drown ourselves,  
once with all the Original Sins,  
of the Mistakes of Someone,  
who did not believe,  
that we will succeed,  
to win,  
the Darkness of the Vanity,  
for Love,  
guiding on God,  
to rekindle,  
an extinguished Star,  
beyond of any Breath,  
of the Divine Light,  
which we became again,  
we,  
a Star kindled,  
on the vault of other World,  
where they will look at us,



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those who are eager for Love.

**2. For us no longer exist long time ago**

When I wanted to cut,  
the hair shattered by Loneliness,  
of the Days,  
as to put on the hairstyle of the Future,  
the Retrieval,  
even so,  
as it was left,  
to grow chaotically,  
like a weed,  
among the graves of the Words,  
which were to us,  
somewhere sometime,  
the Soul and Destiny,  
to which we rarely come back,  
I admit,  
to us regain peace,  
at the shadow of a Love,  
planted for bringing Remembrance,  
of a World,  
which for us,  
no longer exists of a long time.

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**3. He sneaked stealthily**

I go forward,  
hitting me,  
of Dreams,  
wandered,  
through Words, of embers,  
what rekindle,  
the Storms of Memories,  
which breaks,  
the Windows of Heaven of the Feelings,  
in the shards of the Absurd,  
in which we cut off us the steps of Eternity of the Moment,  
breaking the whole vault,  
of the Love,  
from the tree of Immortality,  
at the roots of which,  
have fallen us the Hopes,  
of the Tears,  
poisoned by a Destiny,  
on which none of them  
the Angels of the Absolute Truth,

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which we worshiped they,  
at every Kiss,  
they did not notice him,  
when he sneaked,  
stealthily,  
in the Blood of the Glances,  
of the Death by ourselves.

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**4. Still hopes to come back**

How much,  
I would have liked to know,  
if the Days, of the Remoteness,  
of, us ourselves,  
they were sold to us,  
by the Original Sins,  
of a God,  
of the Deceptions,  
of a Hopes,  
lost in the fog of a Time,  
which has become to us,  
the only hurried passerby,  
on the street of our Loneliness,  
who still hopes,  
as the Dawn of Eternity,  
of the Divine Light of Love,  
to come back.

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**5. Any unhappy of Remembrance**

As much as I try,  
to collect thee Steps of the Destiny,  
from the pierced veins,  
by the syringes of the Pain,  
of a World,  
which will never belong to us,  
no matter how many horizons, of Dreams,  
they would offer us,  
at the locked gates,  
of the Cathedrals of Promises,  
where, barely it hold hanging,  
of, the ruined walls of the Love,  
the Icons of Happiness,  
who cry every time,  
when any unhappy of Remembrance,  
it passes them the threshold.

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**6. Our Day**

Dawn of cloth,  
with which we to delete us the Parting,  
they are waiting for us,  
at the soles of some Dreams,  
of which the Blood of the Moments  
and he has made Temples of Love,  
to which we invite us the Future,  
to pray,  
until when and the Stranger from us,  
he will us become,  
just as well known,  
as is, to us,  
the Illusion of the Happiness,  
from which we have built us,  
our Day,  
which we have promised us, to keep it,  
in the Heart that will always beat us,  
the exact Hour of the Eternity,  
of the Destiny  
which was given to us,  
for to navigate,

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through the Waters of his Life.

**7. As being the Endless**

I was so the rock,  
when you have become,  
the Wave of the Immortality,  
who came to wash my face,  
of the Illusions of Life, Happiness and Death,  
who they gave me the birth,  
of the love,  
predestined by the Destiny,  
who taught us,  
to we keep us together,  
the Star that was given to us,  
to light us,  
the Eternity,  
on whose paths,  
we will always wander,  
passing beyond the mountains of the Dreams,  
by all the obstacles of the Cemeteries from Words,  
until we will be ourselves,  
a star that to be kindle,  
on the vault of the hot Blood,  
and romantic,

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of the other generations,

from other worlds,  
on which a Horizon,  
of the Longing,  
will ever know them,  
as being,  
Endless.



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**8. We are Together an Absolute Truth**

Where were you,  
with the Divine Light of the Glances,  
from which the Star of Destiny has arisen to me,  
that, I felt,  
that I become a candle of the Existence,  
ready to melt me,  
in the heat of the unspoken Words,  
from the Eyes of Heaven, of yours,  
who have me scrutinized the Illusions of Life and Death,  
from one end to the other,  
until it had no more remained,  
nothing else or someone else,  
from me,  
than,  
the Eternity of the Moment,  
which I Was,  
I will Be and We Are,  
Together,  
an Absolute Truth.

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**9. Without ever wanting**

I shouted,  
that the whole Universe to understand me,  
that all the Words said,  
do not have neither a Sens,  
without the deep silence of Love,  
which shines through the Divine Light,  
of the Absolute Truth,  
showing us the Way,  
which passes us through Paradises and Infernos,  
about which neither the Moments did not know anything,  
than when they were tested,  
by the Eternity,  
in a war of the Remembrance or Forgetting,  
of the Love, and the Hate,  
where have struggled with a ferocity,  
to which neither of us had expected,  
until they began to die,  
shedding his whirling Blood of the Feelings,  
through the veins of our Love,  
who they still hoped,  
that they will win without to shipwrecking,

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through the Ocean of the scattered Instincts,

by, ourselves,  
which shouts us,  
to we not give up,  
until the last Moment will disappear,  
falling asleep in the Hearts that beat us the Days and Years,  
banishing them,  
in the Nothingness of the remoteness by ourselves,  
until when I glimpsed,  
somewhere-sometime,  
in the distance,  
a light that seemed to us so foreign ,  
that we asked ourselves what this is,  
until when we learned,  
that it was the Star of our Immortality,  
that barely it was longer held by the vault of Remembrance,  
being near to fall,  
until I ran there,  
and I held it with the palms of the Longing,  
hanging it forever by the Infinite,  
in which we have lost us,  
without longer wanting,  
to find again us ever  
as to us be born again,

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in this,  
World.

**10. Between own bars of the Powerlessness**

We rose on the same wing,  
of the glance,  
toward the Eternity of the Moment,  
whom I have clothed it with the Love,  
of a Sunrise,  
through which I brought the Divine Light,  
to the blind God,  
of the World of the Loneliness,  
from which we have incarnated,  
the Destiny,  
what he did not want anymore,  
to remain closed,  
between own bars of the Powerlessness,  
for to be, Together with us,  
alongside to the Star of the Immortality,  
in which we moved,  
forever.

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**11. As if I knew I would meet you**

The smile of Divine Light,  
from the corner of the street of your Soul,  
has begun to match me,  
to the impenetrable measure,  
of the my Thoughts,  
seasoned with so much,  
Anxiety,  
that the Existence has become,  
a subterfuge of Suffering,  
even to the Stranger of the Subconscious,  
of the Absolute Truth,  
in which I would have wanted to hide myself,  
if the Illusions of Life and Death,  
would not have prevented this,  
as if I knew I would meet you,  
on you.

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**12. Through the Words of Dreams**

No matter how many bridges I would build,  
over the whirling river of Love,  
I will not be able to build them,  
the feet of the Infinity,  
than on the arid soil of the Illusions of Life,  
of the Suffering, Happiness and Death,  
through the Words of Dreams to which,  
we have incarnated us the Destiny,  
of to be always Together,  
alongside an Eternity,  
on which we will never encompass,  
because it has become us,  
a Horizon of the Remembrance,  
on which we will never forget it.

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**13. Passing like two strangers**

We are two threads,  
from the Grass of the God,  
planted to be cut,  
in the season of Love,  
then when we will become,  
the forgotten hay of the Remembrance,  
of the Passion,  
which will charm another Destiny,  
whose Glances,  
they will no longer belong to us,  
passing like two strangers,  
on the street of the Illusions of a World,  
what will remain forever,  
of the Nobody.

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**14. Tombs, of, Truth**

We are lost,  
among the Cemeteries of Words,  
whose Tombs, of, Truth,  
have shown us,  
how much we can forget about ourselves,  
then when all we considered,  
to be our ray,  
of Divine Light,  
has become an opaque stain of Destiny,  
which has blinded us,  
the Meeting,  
so much, that,  
no Hope did not succeed anymore,  
to teach us,  
we to be able to love,  
enough.



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**15. One Destiny**

I would like,  
to I collect your Star of the Immortality,  
from on the vault of the Soul of God,  
and I'll put it to you,  
in the hair of the Moment of Eternity,  
to remain as a diadem,  
of the Absolute Truth,  
on which Nobody,  
will no longer succeed ever,  
to throw it,  
in the cold and insalubrious arms,  
of the Illusions of the Life and Death,  
which I drowned they,  
once and for all,  
a while ago,  
than all the Times,  
in the Ocean of Love,  
from ourselves,  
on which we sail,  
toward the Fulfillment,  
of a one Destiny.

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**16. I would like to learn what Love is**

And no matter how much,  
I would like to learn,  
what is Love,  
to the lesson of Destiny,  
I will only succeed,  
to understand,  
that we must build our Immortality,  
with the hands of the Glances,  
empty and clean,  
without the anyone help,  
until when we will arrive,  
as of the Water of their Life,  
we to fill a whole Ocean,  
of Eternity,  
on which to navigate freely,  
the Infinty from us.

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**17. Next to Love**

I asked my Star of Immortality,  
if she will ever wants,  
to give me my Freedom,  
of the Gates, of Dreams,  
of the your Eyes,  
in which to hide myself,  
until I will understand,  
how much Death,  
we have to learn,  
to the lesson of the Illusions,  
of the Happiness,  
of the Immortality and Life,  
to which we failed,  
because we could not believe,  
how many Words,  
we more had to know,  
as to build us,  
the Absolute of the Truth,  
who gave us the Destiny,  
of to be together,  
next of Love.

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**18. Deceptions**

You were so much Divine Light,  
in the grass of the Smile of a Meeting,  
that nor, a Death,  
would no longer have recognized,  
Primacy,  
then when our Birth,  
was drugged by it,  
on the street of the Universe of a World,  
of, which, we would ran,  
until when nor a Destiny,  
he would not have recognized us,  
the Immortality,  
which we were trying to sell it,  
Deceptions,  
with the Water of Illusions,  
from the Words without Sense,  
in which we washed us,  
of Happiness,  
until we realized,  
how much,  
commit suicide the Eternal Moments,

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of the Absolute Truth,  
from us.

**19. How many Illusions of the World**

Please, Heart of Wind,  
do not beat my Destiny so hard,  
that, to grind us,  
the flour of the Days of the parting,  
on which only the mills of the Words,  
without any sense,  
can still to break it,  
at the edge of the road,  
our,  
between Existence and Death,  
between Illusion and Truth,  
until we will understand,  
how many Illusions of the World,  
still has to endure,  
the Absolute Truth,  
from us.

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**20. How many times have I sworn to you Lord?**

How many times have I sworn to you, Lord,  
that I believed in the Infinite Moment,  
of the Absolute Truth,  
on which you have left it to us,  
as we to be hit by the Original Sin,  
from which you forced us to build us,  
the house and table,  
of the Glances,  
where to live us the Illusions of Life and Death,  
from ourselves,  
through the Churches of Dreams,  
of the Vanity,  
until,  
the Eternity's eyes,  
of a Love,  
would not have visited us,  
the Blood of Immortality,  
from the Word, Truth,  
from which you have embodied us,  
the whole faith of Happiness,  
from whose Tears we washed us,

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the Past,  
until,  
we became the Future,  
of Eternity.

**21. Traffic jam**

Let me to sculpt,  
the tear between me and the Infinite,  
of the eyes of heaven,  
of your Freedom,  
of to be Together,  
hitting the Moments of the Night,  
which flow us,  
on the face of the Destiny,  
what threatened us,  
that he will not return,  
Never,  
on the waves of our Blood,  
until,  
all the ships of Moments,  
they will not sink,  
in the Ocean of the Forgetting,  
on which we hoped somewhere, sometime,  
to cross it,  
Together,  
without we hitting us,  
by the Traffic jam,

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of this world,  
which has never been,  
ours.

**22. Clothes of Wedding rings**

And I planted,  
a Moment,  
on the Heaven of your Heart,  
waiting to rise,  
the flowers of the rays of the Star of Immortality,  
of the Destiny  
who gave birth to us,  
the Meeting,  
where none of us,  
we did not know,  
we to call him upon God,  
that this one,  
he to answer us at the greeting,  
of the Love on which I conceived,  
at the Maternity of the Glances,  
where we met our Hopes,  
of the Absolute Truth,  
from which we have us created,  
Clothes of Wedding rings  
which we shall carry them,  
then,



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when none of us,  
will no longer be ever,  
Time.

**23. We knelt**

I'd like to shout,  
but nor a Fountain of Dreams,  
it can not hear me anymore the Tears,  
on the Ocean of the Immortality on which,  
I sailed,  
trying to reach at you,  
I not knowing that I will hit me,  
at the Shore of the own Consciousness,  
of, which,  
all the Moments of our Time,  
they were hanged,  
without to reach to us anymore, ever,  
those who were still begging, at least,  
a single Smile,  
of the Remembering of a Day,  
which was no longer,  
of so long ago,  
ours,  
that,  
the whole World,

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had disappeared,  
even from the depths,  
of the Ocean of the Blood,  
of the Hopes,  
to the soles of which,  
We knelt  
somewhere sometime.

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**24. Icon of Absolute Truth**

I have carved my Loneliness,  
from the Rock of the Tears,  
of the Eyes of Eternity,  
which I have scrutinized,  
with the sharp edge of the Questions,  
from which I built me the image of Love,  
which I have framed,  
in your Eyes of Sky,  
Icon of Absolute Truth,  
to which I prayed,  
to I can still be me,  
the one who wanders,  
on the horses of Immortality,  
of your Smile,  
from which I made to me,  
the whole Destiny,  
of the Life and Death,  
my.

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**25. We were so much Secret**

We were so much Secret,  
before we were us,  
that neither the Universe,  
would not have disclosed us,  
the Moment of Immortality,  
from which we were building to us,  
the Future of the Absolute Truth,  
whose Roof,  
we put him above the Feelings,  
which, we would have wished,  
to never be rained,  
with the drops of the Oblivion,  
what have began to bleed,  
from the bodies,  
of Moments of the our Eternity ,  
until,  
I bandaged them,  
with all the Kisses of Destiny,  
who gave us the birth,  
of the Day  
in which we Met us,

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the Love.

**26. At the Theater of Love**

Please, Lord,  
sell for me too  
the entrance Ticket,  
at the Theater of Love,  
where plays for me,  
with the house of Feelings, closed,  
the Happiness,  
which I want to look at,  
then when she will declare openly,  
before all the Moments,  
from on the scene of Illusions of Life and Suffering,  
how long and has waited it Destiny,  
he to meet me,  
on the Scene,  
what hardly it been supported,  
on the feet of Luck,  
and of the Happening,  
who allowed us,  
to cross it in the end,  
our own,  
Death.

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**27. The zodiac sign of the Immortality in which to  
meet us**

I would like to give you,  
the zodiac Sign of the Immortality,  
in which to we meet,  
the Absolute Truth of the Meeting again,  
what will us cherish more,  
than all the Illusions of this World,  
the Eternity before to us birth,  
the same Destiny,  
of the Oath of the Sacred Fire,  
which will burn to endlessly,  
with the flames of the Words,  
from the candelas of the Hearts,  
which will breathe for us,  
the strong air of the heights,  
of one Love.

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**28. A Life Together**

I promised the God of Love,  
that I will pray,  
to the Immortality,  
to ignite us the Star of Destiny,  
which to burn us, the vault of the Future,  
with the Embers of the Feelings,  
to whose heatness,  
to us warm the Eternal Moment,  
which had frozen,  
in a corner lost and forgotten by the Word,  
on which the Creation,  
made him only for us,  
we to have a place to worship,  
to the Love,  
whose windows of heaven,  
from the Glances of the Infinity,  
they began to thaw,  
on the wings of the blood of the sunrises,  
whirling,  
from us,  
who just have brought us,

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a Life,  
Together.

**29. An endless Future**

You are a church,  
of the Moment of Immortality,  
at the whose, soles,  
I knelt,  
praying,  
at the Icon of the Retrieval  
of a God of the Dream,  
who conceived you,  
in a Birth of the Feeling,  
on which the Angels of the Fate,  
they blessed it with a World,  
which to stay,  
only ours,  
even then,  
when the Star of the unique Heart,  
of the Destiny,  
will become a Falling Star,  
on a vault of the Eternity,  
between both of us,  
where nor a Illusion of Life or Death,  
it will no longer succeed to burn us,



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the Memory,

which will remain, an endless,  
Future,  
from a Trace,  
of a Love,  
which I breathed it,  
from all the pores of the Absolute Truth,  
whose Tears,  
it washes us and now the Souls,  
who and have lit up,  
their own Divine Light,  
defying the darkness,  
of the Nonbeing.

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**30. What was first?**

I wonder what was first,  
the Loneliness, or God ?,  
the Life or Death ?,  
until,  
it started to rain,  
with the Stars of Destiny,  
over the Illusionss of the Happiness or Sufferings,  
whose Waves,  
of deep and painful Wounds,  
infected with the Original Sins,  
of a World,  
which no longer belonged,  
to the No one,  
they drowned even the brightest Dreams,  
of the Love,  
in the darkness of a Forgetfulness,  
for which it had not yet been made,  
the Memory,  
of before Birth,  
of the your Smile.

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**31. Being Love**

How many Sweat Days,  
it would be leaked  
on the starry forehead,  
of the God of Love,  
until he understood,  
how of necessary,  
is the Smile of your Eyes, of Heaven,  
on the vault of which,  
to shine,  
the Eternity of the Word, unspoken,  
of the Love,  
in which to we can hide,  
by the Saints of any Vanities,  
what might delude us,  
with their Commas,  
after which,  
no longer follows nothing,  
than the Nothingness, cold and unforgiving,  
of the Illusions of Life and Death,  
above whom we have exalted us,  
yet from the First Moment,

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of the Creation,  
when we became Infinite through Feeling,  
being Love.

**32. We lit all the Stars of the Universe**

I never understood,  
where die the Horizons ,  
which we wanted to catch them,  
in the Hearts of wax,  
which melted every passing day,  
to the flame of Powerlessness,  
of to climb the steps of the Sky of the Clouds,  
from us,  
which had started to rain us,  
with the Storm of the Feelings,  
washing us the face of Time,  
with the Remembrance,  
where we were the Divine Light,  
of the Feeling,  
with whose help,  
we lit,  
all Stars of the Universe,  
of one Love.

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**33. The Eyes of the Storms of Love**

Teach me the alphabet,  
of the Illusions of Life, Happiness and Death,  
so that I can understand,  
the profoundness of Love,  
in the Universe where Times and Spaces,  
are a slice of Smile,  
from the kiss of Eternity with the Infinite from us,  
who will build a new World,  
only of Divine Light,  
in which no flower,  
of any Word,  
it will no longer be wither,  
in the vase of the Tears of crystal,  
of the Eyes of the Storms,  
of Love,  
from us.

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**34. In which I never believed**

How much sensitivity,  
would have begotten, the God,  
in the Word of Creation,  
then when the rays of the Absolute Truth,  
have reflected the Love,  
from the boundless depths,  
of the Universe,  
of the Divine Light from us,  
which we have created him,  
for the Eternity of the Moment,  
from which to build us,  
own Existence,  
on which we will no it longer forsake,  
Never,  
not even then,  
when the Illusions of Life and Death,  
will become,  
the only solution,  
to save us from ourselves,  
on the pyre of the Original Sins,  
in which we did not believe,

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never.

**35. Because for Love**

We were either Night or Day,  
either Prison or Freedom,  
can sometimes Storm or Quietness,  
but always wandering,  
in search of the Destiny,  
who had drowned at the edge of a World,  
who had just lost her God,  
at the Lottery of a Time,  
of the Forgetfulness,  
who had indebted her,  
so much,  
in Illusions of the Death,  
of the Life,  
of the Happiness,  
of the Suffering,  
that she was conscious,  
that she will no longer succeed never,  
to reach to the Shore of the Love,  
no matter how much Illusions would ever win,  
as that he can pay his debts,  
because for Love,

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No one has ever had,  
not even the slightest Illusion,  
on which to can sell it,  
as a currency of exchange,  
to the Absolute Truth.



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**36. The Star of the Eternity**

I know you would want,  
that we to build us alone the Paradise,  
without the mistakes of the Inferno,  
from the Past of a World,  
whose Original Sins,  
we did not understand them or accepted,  
Never,  
even when they loose themselves,  
stray  
through the hot Blood of Love,  
on which we sail,  
we wishing to reach,  
at the shore of the Star of our Destiny,  
on which we to transform him,  
in the Star of the Eternity,  
which to burn for us,  
even if it would be ,  
to we create for all this,  
another God.

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**37. Can still be the Afterlife?**

Before Death,  
was the Destiny of a God,  
from whose Illusions,  
we had to feed,  
the Existence depressed  
at the corners of the Inferno,  
from which to make our roof,  
among the quiet and cold bars,  
of the Glances,  
buried,  
in the moldy tombs of the Words,  
from which No one,  
will no longer to be able to get out, ever  
to tell us,  
if it can still be the Afterlife,  
and in a Paradise?

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**38. Extinguished from the Feelings of a Love**

Waves of Smiles,  
cold and frozen,  
hit the shores of the lips,  
of a Word,  
lost on the deserted beach,  
by the Moments,  
on which the Time,  
and has built,  
an entire Cemetery of Memories,  
petrified,  
at the foot of Divine Light,  
Extinguished,  
from the Feelings,  
of a Love,  
who would have lived,  
somewhere sometime,  
whole Bibles, of, Dreams,  
to whom were praying,  
the Angels,  
The Absolute Truth.

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**39. The Storms of the Words**

We were so much Feeling,  
that the Sky of the Dreams,  
has become to us a single Soul,  
whose heart,  
has swirled the blood of the sunrises and the Sunsets,  
from the depths of the Profoundness of a Love,  
where we swam,  
on the waves of Immortality,  
trying to wash our Vows,  
with the Storms of the Words,  
which sometimes lay down,  
at our soles,  
of the Destiny,  
who united us,  
all the Illusions of this World,  
in only one Cemetery,  
of Moments.

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**40. Which to guide our Endlessness**

Why then,  
when I encompass the Immortality,  
of the Word Love,  
in the arms of my Time,  
I see you only thee?

Which other Word,  
if this one it would not to be named,  
Love?,  
it could slay us,  
wounding us so much the Existence,  
that we to make us crowns of Tears?  
which we shall lay them down,  
on the foreheads of the Eternities of Moments,  
what they will become to us,  
Kings and Queens of Feeling?,  
in a Universe,  
on which we him created, only us,  
with all his realms, of Hopes,  
in which even and God,  
and created the Angels of the Divine Light,

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which to guide  
our Endlessness.

**41. On which I regretted her**

Leave me the Clouds of the Dreams,  
to wash your forehead of Memories,  
until they will rise,  
from the Wrinkles of the Expectations,  
the first buds, of Time,  
what they will appear through the veins of Destiny,  
creating us  
the Flower of the sight,  
the Word Love,  
from which we got drunk,  
the Souls  
until we started,  
we to put aside all commas,  
and we to run freely of ourselves  
through the Endlessness of the Universe,  
which I have never him bothered,  
with our fuss,  
even if it was in the middle of the night,  
of a World,  
on which I regretted her,  
then when it woke up to reality.

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**42. Cry of pain**

And I would like to tell you,  
how many Absolute Truths,  
would die before of the Steps of the Existence,  
who tread us daily,  
on the cut Veins of drugs,  
of the Illusions of Life,  
for to make, from us,  
A cry of pain,  
on which,  
we can not him address anymore,  
to the God,  
who made wrong our Creation,  
of to be,  
Candles of Love,  
which to not more melt,  
to every Word,  
from which we want to make ourselves understood,  
the Immortality.

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**43. The moment of our first Love**

And I began to die little by little,  
then when the Death, taught me,  
that her illusion is,  
a lock of the Time,  
from which comes out who can,  
for to prove himself the Illusions of Life,  
as being,  
a Thrill of Dementia,  
of a God,  
with carved face,  
in the harsh stone of the Vanity,  
on which they created him,  
our Original Sins,  
until it elapsed,  
of their Eternity,  
the Moment,  
of our first,  
Love.



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**44. Indebted beyond measure**

Perhaps that never,  
we will not learn to die,  
or to love,  
on the embers of the Days,  
of which we tied us at head,  
the Dreams,  
knotting them,  
with all the Promises,  
which I them have said,  
to the Regrets,  
whose Remorses,  
have began to bud,  
on tattooed thighs,  
with the Destinies of the Tears,  
of some Moments,  
whom them has chosen the Love,  
Indebted,  
beyond measure,  
to the Illusions of Life and Death,  
of to be the Breathing,  
through which,

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we to be aware,  
of Freedom,  
of to be ourselves.

**45. The hunched price by interests**

Please Eternity,  
receive me the Peace,  
of the Tears,  
from the Smile of Love,  
in which were drowned,  
all the Ancestors of the Immortality,  
from which I paid myself,  
the Birth,  
at the stand of the Existence,  
where I'm waiting,  
to can, learn the Illusions of Life,  
the Happiness,  
the Suffering and Death,  
without paying,  
and hunched price by interests,  
of the Original Sins,  
whose stamp costs us,  
so much Love,  
that, we no longer have,  
with what to pay us,  
the Existence,

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of to know us,  
or of to stay  
Together.

**46. We have no longer wanted to find us the shore**

Let me, the Memory  
of the Word of Love,  
I to can, find out the most important data,  
of the Wars of Dreams,  
where I defeated,  
or we have declared us, defeated  
the Eternities, of Moments,  
whose Tears of Histories,  
they have become us,  
books of, Absolute Truth,  
from whose,  
Towel of Laws,  
we to dry us,  
the sweat,  
of the Illusions of a World,  
in which they no longer believed,  
not even,  
the Falling Stars,  
of the Moments,  
of our Destinies,

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on that we slipped,  
directly into the chasm,  
which separated us,  
of, the Absolute Truth,  
of the Illusions of Life and Death,  
from ourselves,  
remaining shipwrecked,  
on the Ocean of Love,  
from where we have no longer wanted,  
we to find us the shore,  
of the return.

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**47. From Crematories of the Hearts**

Do not drown me the Tear,  
Lord,  
in the Destiny,  
of the Original Sins,  
on which you did not understand him,  
then,  
when you have clothed us,  
in the Illusions of the Life,  
the Happiness,  
the Suffering,  
and the Death from us,  
on which,  
you sold them for nothing,  
to the Time  
who has measured us,  
even and the Glances of Love,  
surrounding them with the Sacred Fire,  
of the Cemeteries of some Words,  
from the Crematoriums of Hearts to whom,  
we could no longer take,  
the Blood of the Sunrises or the Sunsets,

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of the Hopes,

on which we would have wanted to ride,  
the Eternity of the Moment,  
of to stay Together,  
to beyond,  
of, the Absolute Truth,  
of the Forgetfulness.

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**48. As, I to create him for thee**

I have blocked my Eternity,  
of, Forehead of your Eyes, of Heaven,  
on the vault of which,  
I lit the Star of Destiny,  
of a paradise of Immortality,  
on which I have him measured for you ,  
as I to create him for thee,  
after the sizes of thy Glances,  
and I saw,  
that it suits you nicely,  
then when I invited,  
the Divine Light,  
to wash you with the Tears,  
of the Eternity of the Moment from me,  
on which I have given it to you,  
Forever.

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**49. Hearts wounded**

Then when the Clouds of the Water of Life,  
which bathed us the Moments,  
have the Hearts wounded,  
being trampled,  
by, the heavy steps,  
of a Destiny,  
who escaped from the leash,  
of the Original Sins,  
on which the Sacred Fire of Love,  
has not succeeded to burn him,  
among the Absurdities,  
which have been put on the grills of the Vanity,  
I have built you another God,  
of the Eternity of a World,  
on which only,  
the Blood heated,  
of the Absolute Truth,  
from the Glances of the Infinite from us,  
could understand him,  
ever.



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**50. Was bogged down the Moment**

Please, the Hope,  
teach me to confront me,  
the Illusions of this World,  
of the Happiness and the Suffering,  
which is moving away increasingly more,  
from, the Absolute Truth,  
of the tear of the Water of Life,  
which instead of teaching us the Future,  
shows us the Cemeteries,  
from the Words,  
of the Vanities,  
on the streets cobbled, with Sighs,  
of the Death from ourselves,  
who more we believe,  
in the Star of the Love,  
on which nor a Horizon,  
has not succeeded so far,  
to catch her in the palm of her hand,  
of the Absolute Truth,  
of the youthfulness of an Eternity,  
in which was bogged down the Moment,

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of the Birth.

**51. At the Mill of the Absurd**

Walls of Remembrances,  
they press us the wills,  
over which we can not pass,  
no matter how many Years,  
we would wasted,  
grinding us the Original Sins,  
on which we have not done them,  
at the Mill of the Absurd,  
from where we will leave,  
with the flour,  
of the Seconds, of longing,  
the Minutes, of struggle,  
the Hours, of the lacks,  
of the Days, of regrets,  
and of the Nights of remorse,  
what deepens us, the Abyss,  
from the Desert without edges,  
from ourselves,  
what has dried up of so many Tears,  
of the deaf shouts  
from the Steps full of delusions,

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which, they will grind us, in continuation,

the Eternities of the Moments,  
from whose yeast,  
us will be leavened, the bread of the Words,  
which we will break it together,  
with the Loneliness,  
for to feed us,  
the Darkness of the Hearts,  
with, Forgetfulness.

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**52. They have not been alongside us**

Which leaf,  
from the flower of the wounded Heart ,  
will come out winning,  
before the Destiny,  
managing to break our lattice,  
from the lost Blood,  
through the Labyrinths, of Genes,  
which have never been  
alongside us,  
being indebted their entire Existence,  
to the Original Sins,  
who have sold us,  
to the Illusions of Life,  
the Happiness,  
the Suffering and Death,  
on a price of nothing,  
for to become food,  
of the Vanity,  
who has gnawed us,  
the whole sap, of the Immortality,  
from the Love,

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which we owe it,  
to the Divinity from us.

**53. To rekindle us the Steps of the Retrieval**

It seems that all broken Wings,  
of the Hopes,  
would have collapsed,  
on the Ocean of Tears,  
of the Moments, of a Time ,  
what he does not want to look at,  
Back,  
Never,  
no matter how much Arguments,  
would bring them, the God,  
created from the Love,  
which I have shared her,  
even and to the Angels of the Sacred Fire of the Eternities,  
which, it seems,  
that it is not strong enough,  
to rekindle us the Steps of the Retrieval,  
from the whole World which we have lost,  
even if she blessed us,  
with the Divine Light,  
of the entire Universe of the Dreams,  
on which I have crossed him,

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somewhere sometime,  
Together.

**54. The Cattle Fair of the Words**

We drowned,  
in a Death of Consciousness,  
from which the harlequins of the Future,  
and they did their Moments,  
of paper creped,  
of some Dreams,  
from which to cut ribbons of Time,  
the Vanity,  
on which to put them,  
at the Carnivals of the Being,  
over the walls of the Souls of our Churches,  
in sign of celebration,  
of some Holy Moments,  
who and would have lost the Virginity of Eternity,  
at the Cattle Fair of the Words,  
who want as much as possible,  
meat incarnate,  
from the Time,  
of the Illusions of our Life and Death,  
from which to make the Icons,  
of the Freedom,

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of the Infernoes and Paradises,

of the steps on which I trampled them,  
always,  
in the feet of the Luck,  
to whose foreheads,  
we refused to us sweat,  
the Immortality,  
of not to waste us anymore the Existence,  
on Nothing.

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**55. The candlesticks**

The simplicity,  
is an Argument,  
of the Composition and Decomposition,  
of, the poison of Knowledge,  
on which I have scattered a,  
at every street corner of our Destiny,  
from which we have us made the alleged Immortality,  
in whose eyes, we to create us  
so much Illusion of the Happiness,  
as we to believe,  
that we can be Gods,  
even if our soles are melted,  
by the Illusions of Death,  
turning us into candlesticks,  
precisely good to put,  
at the head,  
of the Vanity,  
in which to burn,  
the Candles of our Souls.



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**56. Diseases of Words**

I never thought,  
in a God of the Original Sins,  
who only wants Punishments,  
for His Creation,  
on which he has mistaken her before,  
of to create the Time  
of the Diseases of Words,  
of, which we do not succeed even now  
to treat us,  
the Existence,  
related to stall of the Time,  
compromising and full of envies,  
planted by the Holy Fathers,  
of the Paradise from the Inferno,  
which still lies in us.

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**57. We would not have created him?**

I did not succeed,  
to understand, never,  
how much Death,  
can be wasted,  
by the Illusions of Time,  
without that a single Word,  
from the whole Morgue of Meanings,  
it to be buried,  
in the Cemetery of the Dreams of a God,  
on which we would not have created him we?  
before he has been,  
our own Destiny,  
killed by the Falling Star of the Luck,  
of a Divine Lottery,  
where it never existed,  
a winner or a defeated,  
as long as,  
the reins of the World, are kept,  
in the palms calloused by Moments,  
of the Illusions of Life, the Happiness,  
of the Sufferings and Death.

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**58. The mill of the Cemeteries of Meanings**

Flight, of Immortality,  
crashed in Moments deceptive,  
Freedom, defeated,  
in Zodiac signs, of Cloudy Sky,  
under whose vault no longer breathes,  
nor a Nobody,  
from all the Meanings,  
of the Infinity sacrificed,  
on the guillotine of the Vanity,  
from which we have us made Histories, of, Words  
through Bibles and Religions,  
which we shall grind them,  
at the Mill of the Cemeteries, of Meanings  
who guides us the Destinies,  
toward the flour of the Absurd,  
from which we have leavened us the bread of  
Consciousness,  
of the Illusions of a World,  
which is not and has never been,  
ours.

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**59. Consciousness, Time and Destiny**

Broken pages,  
of Nobody's zodiac sign,  
carried by the wind of Forgetfulness,  
toward Nowhere,  
through the blood of the Sunsets,  
what they barely succeed,  
to decipher,  
the writing of a Love,  
lost,  
among the weeds of the Words,  
on which nor a Death,  
it did not mowed them anymore,  
before being the World,  
of our sepulchers,  
Sentimental,  
through which we have buried us,  
long ago than the oldest Times  
the Conscience,  
Time and the Destiny.

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**60. They have sheltered them the Unrests**

I never understood,  
why the Destiny,  
forces us to waste us,  
the Days,  
scattering them,  
in the Great Market of the Vanity,  
where they come every time,  
surely,  
the black ravens of the Illusions of Death ,  
to peck them,  
all the Meanings,  
from the Words,  
who have sheltered them,  
the Unrests.

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**61. Has always been mediocre**

The shores of the Feeling,  
it crumbles slowly but surely,  
on the deserted shoulders,  
of the Ocean of Illusions,  
of the Existence,  
on which still sails,  
lonely and lost,  
in her own Death,  
the Love,  
on which we would like to save her,  
from the hostile waves of a God,  
who has never been ours,  
even if he gave us a gift,  
the Original Sins,  
through which he claims,  
that he teaches us the school of a World,  
which has always been mediocre,  
prior of the Absolute Truth.

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**62. Much more haughtily**

Was broken,  
the chastity belt of Existence,  
precisely in the World,  
who gave us the Birth of Death,  
from which we were forced to take us,  
the whole Destiny,  
at the morning table,  
of the Suffering,  
as to us reach,  
for all the Illusions of Happiness,  
on which we would live them,  
under the accolade of a rainbow of the Absurd,  
as colorful as possible,  
for to build us,  
a much more haughtily,  
the Cathedral of the Vanity,  
at which we to pray,  
for to be saved,  
of Death.

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**63. Love and Destiny**

The thorns barefoot of the Moments,  
grow up on the ruins of the crushed Dreams,  
by, the waves of the Blood of some Genes,  
who stole us the Luck,  
sold for nothing,  
to the Vanity,  
what and it builds diligently,  
own World,  
in the enclosures of which we are forced,  
to live us ,  
the Original Sins,  
of the Absurd,  
who made from the Illusion of Life and Death,  
the main gate of the Inferno,  
on which we shall step,  
unconscious,  
leaving all the thresholds of Divine Light,  
on which we would have succeeded,  
to us exalt,  
towards the Stars kindled by Longing,  
of a God,



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built from the Absolute Truth,  
whose Love and Destiny,  
we will not know them,  
Never.

**64. From the Wrinkles of the Eternity**

Even if they will drain,  
all the rivers of the Moments of this World ,  
from the Wrinkles of the Eternity,  
through the Horizon of which I waited you,  
Love,  
you to know that I dreamed you,  
framed in the Icon of Destiny,  
of my Existence,  
from the Soul Cathedral,  
where I pray often,  
to the God of the Divine Light,  
who sneaks in secret,  
at the Fountain of Dreams,  
from where it blesses us,  
the Holy Water of the Feeling,  
on which we to drink her,  
at the meeting with the Paradise and the Inferno,  
of the Words,  
from our Great Silences,  
who say more,  
than all the stories of love,

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which have ever existed.

**65. Ground of Love**

Where to have flown,  
the wings of Dreams,  
once born in the World,  
of the Remoteness of us ourselves,  
than toward the Illusions of the Life,  
of the Happiness,  
of the Suffering and Death,  
from which we to interweave us,  
the ropes of Destiny,  
which to hang us,  
even and the last Identity of Moment,  
on which the Absolute Truth of Love,  
would succeed to decipher it,  
through the cold and inert Darkness,  
of the Forgetfulness,  
from the Cemeteries of some Words,  
which were to us,  
somewhere sometime,  
Ground of Love,  
Tear and Longing.

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**66. The World of a Love**

Are the clouds which and cry the rains of a Time,  
what and now,  
wanders toward Nowhere,  
without going back,  
ever,  
at the Dreams of his own Eternities of Moments,  
which he has lost them,  
once with us,  
from the Feelings,  
carried by the waves,  
of the Water of the Illusions of Life and Death,  
to beyond of,  
the bridges of the Being and the Non Being,  
where we have not been,  
Never,  
we,  
the ones of before of to be,  
the World of a Love,  
which she did not want to understand us,  
the Destiny.

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**67. The Zodiac Signs of the Happiness**

Lost in the Eyes of the Star of Destiny,  
which he has us lit up it,  
the God of the Divine Light of Love,  
only for us,  
as to enlighten us,  
the Darkness of the faulty Genes,  
from the Blood of a History,  
of the Original Sins,  
which he regrets them,  
with tears of Absolute Truth,  
the Ancestors of the Eternal Moments of the Time,  
who have us conceived the Love,  
which to bless us,  
with the Zodiac Signs of the Happiness,  
the whole Universe,  
of our Destiny.

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**68. The regrets or remorse**

Remnants of Remembrances,  
stay thrown by Time,  
to the Destiny of a Love,  
on which no rain of Dreams,  
has no longer succeeded to wash it,  
by the cold and inert mud,  
which, it has leaked,  
in the deserted Cemeteries of some Words,  
full with the corpses of some Promises,  
Kisses and Hugs,  
at, the head of which,  
No one no longer them puts,  
not even a single flower.  
of Regrets or Remorse.

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**69. At the Altar of our wedding with the Not Being**

How much Sky of Hopes,  
God would pay us,  
to the merciless Destiny,  
that he has come to lose,  
all processes of intent,  
with the Saints of the Feelings,  
who were asking him to leave us, too,  
among so many Illusions and Despondency,  
at least,  
a single bit of Love,  
from His endless Kingdom,  
on which to share it together,  
with the Loneliness,  
which to become,  
the Cathedral through which to us pray,  
the Illusion of Death,  
to come as soon as possible,  
at the Altar of our wedding,  
with the Not Being.

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**70. Forced to adopte us**

Then when the Destiny,  
has mowed us the grass of the Days,  
on which we have woven her, into strands of Eternity,  
through the starry hair of the Moment of Love,  
none of us knew,  
that it could not to tell us,  
that before of to us be born,  
was forced,  
he to adopte us the Original Sins,  
for, that, these,  
they to feed, with us,  
the Illusions of Life,  
of the Death,  
of the Suffering and Happiness,  
until will no longer remain, Nothing,  
from all the Hopes of the Horizons,  
which have wept with the splashes of the Days,  
what have leaked,  
in the dust of the Non being,  
and remained from us,  
only the Remembrance,

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of a Falling Stars.

**71. From the Abyss of the Thoughts**

I swam through the Blood of Divine Light,  
from the heart of the sunset,  
of the your gaze,  
who has clothed me,  
with the cloak of a Future of the Night,  
from the Forgetfulness,  
of a God,  
what seemed,  
totally disinterested by the Love,  
that I was wearing for him,  
through the Cathedrals of Dreams,  
where we worshiped,  
at the Icons of His Love,  
in which we would have wanted,  
we to frame us the Destiny,  
without we to find out, ever,  
how strangers,  
have been of, our Hopes,  
then when they complained,  
with tears of End, of World,



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without waiting for the confession,  
of the No one,  
from the Abyss of the Thoughts,  
in which we fell,  
without we to longer succeed,  
we to longer come back ever,  
at the heights,  
from where we looked at,  
the Illusions of Life and Death,  
believing that we have the freedom,  
of to choose.

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**72. On the hair of Eternity of the Moment**

And I waited,  
to snow, with Future,  
over the forehead of the Retrieval,  
of some Paradises of Words,  
in which to we hide,  
of we ourselves,  
without we to understand how much Inferno,  
stands at the base,  
of the Smile cold and sad,  
of the true Happiness,  
wandering through them,  
but on which us wanted her,  
crowned,  
on the hair of Eternity,  
of the Moment,  
through which,  
we really felt the Love,  
the only Truth,  
of this World,  
which can not be degraded,  
of nor an Illusion.

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**73. Which burden him and today**

The troubled eyes of Time,  
it's drowning in the whirlwinds of the Forgetfulness,  
which have broke us the soles of the bridges,  
from, the Words spoken and unspoken,  
of the Wound,  
from the depths of our Genes, Defects,  
on which we would have desired,  
we to repair them with the Eternity of a Love,  
without we know,  
that neither this one,  
does not have the necessary keys,  
which to open us the heavy gates,  
of the Past full of Mistakes,  
which burden him and today,  
on the God of our Creation.

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**74. When the Dreams will become the Reality**

Then when the Wings,  
of our Angels,  
they will sweat, of Emotions,  
when the Dreams will become,  
finally the Reality,  
and the Altars of the Divine Light,  
they will open us the gates,  
of the Absolute Truth of Happiness,  
you to know,  
that we will love,  
how only our God,  
has succeeded,  
to do it,  
then when he created us,  
the Eternity from Glances,  
of the Tears of which,  
we to fill the Ocean of the Existence,  
which to wash us once and for all,  
the Original Sins of this World.

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**75. Above the whole Existence**

I believe in the greatness of the God,  
only then when it rises to the level of Love,  
whose Eternity,  
it created him,  
just before all, on He,  
then, the whole Universe,  
of the Words from which,  
sometimes,  
we manage to take us the power,  
of the Happiness,  
of the Absolute Truth,  
the only one able,  
he to chase us away, the Death,  
even and from a single Moment,  
in which we to realize,  
that we can pull the curtains of the Illusions of the World,  
being above the whole Existence,  
by Loving.

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**76. The compulsory lesson of the Life and Death**

It does not exists meaning,  
which to not represents a Sens,  
be he and of the nothingness,  
through which the Original Sins,  
they have pulled us the veils of the Illusions of Life,  
over the Future extinguished,  
of our Destiny,  
which will no more ignite,  
the Divine Light,  
in neither an Universe, of Dreams,  
crashed now,  
among the cold and insalubrious Words,  
of the Lost Glances,  
if we will not learn to love,  
as the Illusions of Existence teach us,  
the compulsory lesson of Life and Death,  
to which we assisting helplessly,  
by building the churches,  
of Envy, Malevolence or Greed,  
increasingly, bigger,  
but which do not belong,

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of the Love of our Souls.

**77. Skating through the thickets**

All the volcanoes of the Fulfillments,  
seem to be lit,  
on the heaven of fire, of Love,  
that burns us the Destiny,  
until nothing remains,  
from the candle of the Dream of Life,  
who baptized us the Illusion of the Nativity,  
once with that of Death and Freedom,  
of to be ourselves,  
on the ice of a Time,  
on which we to slip together,  
skating through the thickets of Hopes,  
until we will hit us,  
by the cold and inert Wall,  
of the Not-Being.

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